

Boston, Jan. 14, 1837.

Dear sister Mary:

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Walking down Washington-street this morning, I saw our friend John Gray going up toward Hayward Place, and accordingly hailed him. He told me that he should start for Brooklyn this afternoon: I therefore improve the opportunity to send you a few hasty lines—not that I have any thing special to communicate, but the mere assurance that dear Helen, the babe, and myself, are now in the enjoyment of health, will be gratifying to you all. Helen is filled with regret that she was not able to attend at Henry's obsequies, and she finds it difficult to realize that she is never again to behold his face in the flesh. As for myself, though I have seen the dear departed one in the cold embrace of death, and have followed his remains to the tomb, yet the stern and dreadful reality seems only like some painful vision of the night. The morning has come—the light is beaming—but where is our beloved Henry?—But we must not mourn as do those who repine at the decrees of Heaven. All is right, for God has done it.

I trust you arrived home in safety. I left in the afternoon cars, but was six hours on the road, instead of two, the usual time. One of our cars broke down, and we had a narrow escape of our limbs, if not of our lives. We had a most profane and vulgar company.

I send you to-day's Liberator. You will see that I have barely mentioned Henry's death, as I had not room to do justice to his memory ~~last~~^{this} week. In the next paper, I shall be more particular.

Let us hear from some one of the ~~family~~ ^{friends} as often as convenient. You may know by the appearance of this scrawl that I write in great haste.

Love to mother and all the sisters, &c.

Ever yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.





Miss Mary Benson,
Brooklyn, Ct.

Favor of our friend Mr. Gray.